

She Sometimes Pretended

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Summary: Pam is with Roy. And she would never admit to anyone that she ever thinks about anyone else. Ever. But sometimes, she pretends...

She Sometimes Pretended

Pam had been waiting for this all day. She knew she was being horrible, she knew it would probably be really awfulâ€¦

But she was eager.

That was the day Jim had moved Dwight's desk. He'd enlisted Pam to supply Dwight with his favourite salted snacks so that he would get thirsty, and then supply him with water and coffee. He'd gone to the bathroom about twenty-five times and each time Jim moved Dwight's desk one careful inch toward the photocopier.

And each time, he had looked at her and winked.

Right as he pushed his enormous frame against the desk and his billowy shirt bunched up under his arms and his hair flopped forward and he heaved a big breath so that his broad shoulders expanded and contracted, he'd looked up at the receptionist's desk, grinned that goofy big-nosed wide-mouthed crinkle-eyed grin of his, and winked.

Twen-ty five times.

Anyway, she told herself, it doesn't matter what turns me on as long as I take it to the right place. It doesn't matter. Roy doesn't have to know.

And so when Roy began running his hand along the inside of her thigh, she smiled and snuggled closer to him. She was ready. When his lips began to nuzzle behind her ear, she closed her eyes tight, the way he liked, and rubbed up against him.

Then she paused. Something was wrong. "Hey, babe, hang on a sec," she said, and, standing up, crossed the room to her art supplies drawer.

She'd found it in the drugstore months and months ago while looking for something else, and it had given her a great idea for a prank, and so she'd bought it. But then she'd forgotten about it and left it in her purse over the weekend, and when she went to open it Monday morning, after really bad sex the night before, the smell wafted out and she'd felt instantly better. She'd never suggested that particular prank to Jim; instead she had buried it deep in her art supplies drawer, where Roy would never look.

"Put some of this on," she said, holding it out.

"What, do I smell bad?" he asked, grinning.

"No, I just found this and I liked it," she said.

"Anything to get you in the mood, Pammy," he said agreeably.

Pam sat next to him as he opened it and put it on. Then his big rough hands began to caress her. She closed her eyes, buried her face in his shoulder, and inhaled deeply.

Jim.

When he helped her off with her cardigan and then her shirt, she played with the buttons on his uniform, pretending it was Jim's light blue button-down.

I can stop any time. I'll stop, this just gets me going, I will stop as soon as I'm into it

She wondered if Jim had hair on his chest. If he did there would be a lot to cover, he was a big guy. Not as big as Roy, but he had that long-limbed sort of awkward body shape. Apparently she liked big guys. She ran her fingers over Jim's "Roy" whatever, it didn't matter

Time to stop, time to concentrate on Roy

He ground against her, growling delightedly. And a spasm of pure joy shot through her at the thought of her legs around Jim's hips, her arms around Jim's neck, his lips on her shoulders. That growl was in the back of his throat, that sound of animal passion, passion for _her_. He pulled her closer and she felt him through the thick khaki "or cargo, or whatever" pants.

_Jim filled her head. His smell filled her nose and his body filled her arms. She imagined his hair slick against his forehead and those enormous hands grasping her shoulders. She imagined bringing him to climax, how he would sound, how he would look, for once losing that airy nonchalance, ecstasy in every line of his face, his Adam's apple working up and down his throat. She tore away his trousers and imagined his satisfaction as he entered her, pretended that he had confessed his love, his longing, the longing he _must_ _feel_, just as she did, imagining that he would be happy with her, so happy, so content, because finally_, finally_

He pinned her down with his arms, grunting in pleasure and satisfaction as he thrust into her. She couldn't see his face (she kept her eyes resolutely closed) but she could smell him and feel his sweat-dampened thighs against her as he rode, harder and harder. With every thrust, his name beat time in her head.

Jim. Jim. Jim. Jim.

"Pamâ€|" "

Jim.

"Oh, Pamâ€|" "

She gripped the backs of his legs and flung her head back, biting her lips to keep from saying his name. No thought of stopping now. He was Jim, and he would go on being Jim, and it was wonderful. Nothing Roy had ever done had made her feel like this, like a beam of pure light.

It couldn't be wrong. No, this couldn't be wrong. For just a second she thought maybe...being with Roy had been wrong this whole time.

End
file.